

# Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued)  
CHAPTER XXXV.  
Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Seton Carr seemed in no hurry to withdraw herself from the author's tightly clasping arms. Seriously, it was really very disgraceful behaviour of her. She excused herself with the knowledge that there was no audience; save the moon and the sea. After subsidence of her laugh she said—

"I have said good-bye for ever to the Chantrelles. They have left Ivy Cottage. I shall never see them again."

"I thought—"  
"I loved him?" she interrupted gleefully. "I didn't—I just hated him."

"Yet you—"  
"Pretended I did because I wanted to annoy you! There! I wanted to annoy you because I don't Prince Charlie! You're making me look so untidy. Yes do—I don't mind. They'll think it was the wind."

Thoughts of other people and of dinner came to them at last. But it was half-past seven before they started to walk back home. What they said during all the time they were on the seat is a matter of concern to themselves only.

Besides which, when people are in love, their conversation is not remarkable for originality and general interest. Even authors get out of the stirrups-off their high horse—and talk like other people.

She explained to him that she had loved him from the first. He wondering how he could have been blind to the fact, hugged her close again. Thereupon, she complained that he hurt her, and then contradicted herself; in fact behaved like a true woman.

She confessed why she had not told him she was Mrs. Seton-Carr at first; because she was a leader of London Society and everything connected therewith. The newspaper people chronicled her movements and she was much talked about; she had thought he would not fail to recognize her name.

But she need not have feared; he would not have done so. "Fashionable intelligence," and all columns captioned in kindred fashion, he never read. Had an idea of his own that in the study of mankind the society papers were not very suitable textbooks.

It would naturally be supposed that seeing how late it was they would have hurried home. Not they! It was nearly eight o'clock when they reached Ivy Cottage. Dick was waiting for them.

"This is a pretty idea, upon my word. His greeting. "A nice way to treat your brother! Dinner has been waiting hours!"

"Never mind, Dick dear," replied his sister, peering at his lips as she removed the pins from her hat. "It doesn't matter, it really doesn't matter, in the least."

"Doesn't it! It matters to me! Am I supposed to be a fasting man, giving a seaside exhibition of myself? There's been no midday meal, because I had to bolt whilst you were turning people out of the house neck and crop. I did think I was going to get some dinner! I don't even get an apology. You're frowning around, grinning all over your face as if you'd picked up sixpence. What have you been doing?"

"There—sit down—like a good boy. Here's the soup coming. Now start and try to make up for lost time."

She ran to her room and threw off her hat and mantle. Laughed at her reflection in the glass—a laugh inspired by sheer happiness. Then she crept softly into Gracie's room; the child was not yet asleep, though sleepy. Bending over the cot she kissed the little rosy face, and Gracie's arms went up and around the neck of her "Dear Miss Mivvins."

Mrs. Seton-Carr had not been away from the dining room more than two minutes; when she returned to take her place at table mischievous Dick was waiting for her, said—

"What I want to know is, what you have been sitting out on that blessed seat all night for? Why couldn't you come in like rational beings and sit in chairs and talk?"

"Never you mind, Dick; don't ask questions. Have some more soup?"

"Oh, you can't stop my mouth with soup! I have been kept without food for so long that I'm afraid to eat much! I expect it was some of that 'tommy-rot' Prince Charlie was always flooding my ears with. About your eyes and hair and—"

"Now, Dick," interrupted Masters, "drop that please. It is a forbidden subject."

"Is it? I am not to talk about what you said?" He turned to his sister and continued: "What have you had to say then, Sis? Been telling him how you begged and prayed of me not to let him—"

"Dick! If you don't be quiet, I'll never forgive you!" Dick assumed an aggrieved tone. "Am I supposed not to talk at all? Is this house run on the silent system? I might just as well be having dinner in a deaf and dumb asylum."

"Talk sensibly then," said his sister patronisingly, "and we'll listen to you with pleasure."

"We! Oh, it's reached that stage, has it? plural! 'M very well. Let's take up a serious subject: horribly serious. Have you lunatics decided when your two throbbing hearts are going to be mangled into one; when you are to be married?"

"Dick! Don't you want—let me

pass you some more vegetables!"

"Don't stop his thirst for information," interposed Masters quietly. "He's got to be best man, so he may as well know. It is settled that we are to be married by special licence on New Year's Day."

"O, Prince Charlie!" she cried. I never said—indeed I didn't—No dear, he replied calmly, "I know you did not. But you said that that woman I made love to on the boat; what was her name?—Amy—"

"—pass the sauce, Dick—alleged that I said it rested with me, so far as the naming of the day was concerned."

"How can you—"  
"It occurred to me that that was a capital idea. I am not one of those superior persons, am never above taking a hint. I know I have had—thanks to you—the most unhappy end of a year. By way of compensation I am going—thanks to you again—to have a most happy beginning of one."

Dick viewed the consternation displayed on his sister's face to the accompaniment of a broad grin on his own, said—

"That's right! Start quarrelling now, even before you are tied up! Goodness knows what it will be like after, when you are sentenced to—I mean when you are linked for life. Miserable wretches! You have my sincerest sympathy; all my pity."

It takes two to make a quarrel." Prince Charlie uttering the aphorism. Then holding out his hand to Mabel, he continued—

"You agree with me, don't you, darling? Just by your action—convince this headless youth that we are in accord about the first of January—if we are to be married on that day—put your hand in mine."

She hesitated a moment, perhaps her brother's derisive laugh helped to her action; she put it right there.

"There's one thing about this affair—having long been an acute sufferer from my headstrong sister's temper," said Dick, grinning all over his face, "about which I am distinctly displeased."

You are going to make one of your terrible jokes, Dick," she said. "I can see it in your face!"

"Oh, let him run loose," interposed Masters. "It's Christmas time, you know. What's the joke? If it's going to give us pain, out with it—the boy said to the dentist."

"If you labour over one of your usual atrocious puns, Dick," warned his sister, "I'll throw you down and pummel you black and blue!"

"I was merely going to observe," said her brother, regardless of the threat, "that I was glad that at length you had found your master!"

He had to howl for mercy before she let him up.

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
The Christmas Box.

Gracie had to be reckoned with. Prince Charlie was looking on as he exclusive property. Considerable diplomacy and tact would have to be brought to bear; that exacting atom of humanity needed careful handling. Chance for Another Guess.

Uncle Dick, with a thoughtfulness which earned from his sister and prospective brother-in-law grateful thanks, went out, late as it was, and routed round the few shops of which Wiversea boasted. The shops were full of people and empty of wares. By diligent search he ran to earth, in a grocer's shop a box of crackers, packed by Tom Smith, as he needed to find it packed; labelled Pantomime. He thought that would answer the purpose of conciliating his niece.

He was not disappointed. On the morrow, with a harlequin's cap and mask, a wand, and conjured up recollections of last year's pantomime all went well. Promise of a visit that week to another pantomime completely of the matter. There was no breach.

Gracie gave up all rights in Prince Charlie. Indeed, viewed his changing into the character of a new papa with curious equanimity. Curious, that is to say, to any one ignorant of her knowledge of the doings of fairies. The literature upon which she fed was of the divided syllable type. A story without a fairy in it was beneath her contempt.

So it was that on Christmas morning she viewed the matter complacently. Having disposed of Prince Charlie to her mother, she gave him Miss Mivvins as a Christmas box. Borrowed his fountain pen and in a large round hand wrote—

"With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Putting this into Miss Mivvins' hand, she gracefully led that lady to her former place; was rejoiced when she saw how glad he was to accept her gift.

And the wish was realized too! Their Christmas was of the merriest. Gracie said she had never spent so happy a one in all the years of her life; was of opinion that the harlequin had been at work with Uncle Dick; he was so different from what he used to be.

Uncle Dick was, and he knew it. Looked back at his past with eyes full of horror, at his prospective brother-in-law with love in them, because he felt, knew, to whom his reformation was due.

Gracie's other wish was granted; the new year was a happy one. It commenced with the actual transformation of Prince Charlie into Gracie's new papa. The child said she had never made a change which pleased her so much.

As Gracie wisely observed, it was not now a matter of occasional calls, he was always there. So much better, wasn't it? She really thought they had all been quite foolish not to think of arranging it so before.

As to Uncle Dick—Well, as Gracie said, he was changed. And it was a permanent change, too. He feared no relapse. Just sometimes the memory of the old, evil times would return, and a suspicious moisture

come into his eyes. He could not help thinking of what might have been, and what was. Thanked God from his heart for his present condition.

As to Miss Mivvins—well, of course she no longer exists. She merged into Mrs. Masters on the first day of the new year.

Another change which had Gracie's full approval.

THE END.

## CANADIAN MINES. Operations During the Past Year Were Not So Extensive --- Provinces Fell Behind.

The Geological Survey Department, has published the annual preliminary statistical statement, of the mineral production of Canada for 1904. The value of the mineral products of Canada, last year, aggregated more than \$60,000,000. This is a falling off of \$2,500,000, in the grand total, but this does not necessarily indicate a general slackening in the permanent industries of the country. It is rather a gradual return to the natural conditions, after the abnormal inflation, due to rapid exploitation of the richer and easier accessible portions of the Yukon placers. To this cause, can be attributed nearly \$2,000,000, of the decrease shown. Taking the different classes, comparison with the totals for 1903 shows that the structural material, and clay products, class remained practically stationary, as far as their aggregate value is concerned. Practically every province in Canada shows a falling off. Nova Scotia, which ordinarily has an output of about a half a million dollars, shows a decrease of nearly half its production. Several reasons are given for this, among which may be mentioned the extreme drought during the past season, the closing down, owing to financial difficulties, of a number of the best producing mines, and the cessation of productions at the Richardson mine owing to the destruction of the shaft and workings by an extensive crush.

In Ontario, although a considerable amount of prospecting and developing work has been done, most of the mines, that were formerly important producers, were not operating during the year.

In British Columbia, an increased output from placer mines is indicated, while a smaller production was obtained from the lode mines. The ore shipments from Rossland and vicinity, the chief gold producing district, were less in 1903, by about 20,000 tons.

The Yukon output for the year, \$10,000,000, is based on the receipts of Canadian Yukon gold, at the United States mint, at San Francisco, and other receiving offices. Although over twice as much lead was produced in 1903, the output is still far from its former maximum, viz., 31,584 tons in 1900. The production in 1904 was about 19,000 tons, as compared with 9,070 tons in 1902.

The exports of lead from Canada in 1904 were 12,913 tons of lead in



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ore, etc., and about 21 tons of pig lead. Exports of iron ore were 168,828 tons, valued at \$401,738. In addition to the ore exported, about 180,932 tons of ore, worth about \$489,687, were mined in Canada and charged to Canadian blast furnaces.

### HARCOURT NEWS.

Harcourt, Mar. 7.—Last Friday night a whist party surprised councillor and Mrs. Robert Saulnier, and spent a very pleasant evening.

The Presbyterian Congregational meeting, given out for yesterday afternoon, has been postponed till the 13th at 2 p. m.

Rev. J. B. Champion broke through the snow blockade and preached at Ford's Mills and Beersville on Sunday. Sunday evening the Methodist pulpit here was occupied by Rev. Mr. Wheeler.

The young people of Harcourt Division, No. 438, Sons of Temperance, assisted by the Misses Blanche Wathen, Ethel Gail and Helen Bucksfield, gave an admirable concert, for the benefit of the division, last night. The parts were exceptionally well performed. The programme was as follows—

Chorus, "Sleighing song," solo, Miss Mabel Wathen; dialogue, "The Double Stratagem," duet, Misses Ruth and Jean Thurber; recitation, Miss Margaret L. Fearn; dialogue, "The Matrimonial Advertisement," solo, Miss Miriam Fellburn; recitation, Hugh Bailey; solo and chorus, Miss Mabel Wathen; Tableau, "Home Sweet Home," solo, Miss Ruth Thurber; temperance recitation, Miss Grace Bailey; chorus, National Anthem. Miss Blanche Wathen acted as accompanist. A sale of baskets followed. The proceeds of the evening were about \$25. Henry Wathen was chairman; and Leslie J. Wathen, auctioneer.

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Lawyer Fyles. "I know our profession is much criticised for its alleged indifference to verity. Now I suppose you ministers never tell a fib?"

Parson Twixt. "No, indeed!—save in speaking at funerals, you know, and in our visits to parishioners."

### CLERGYMEN AND CIVIC REFORM.

#### The Clergy in American Cities Are Taking an Active Interest.

(Boston Transcript.)

It is the pregnant saying of Mr. Dooley that "A little clergy is a dangerous thing in politics," or, to make his prescription more vivid, "It is hard to find the grace of God in a wardrobe and many a roaring prophet is a dead loss at the polls."

In spite of this warning the fact is that at the present time the whole question of the clergy's participation in civic reform is raised again by the active of present-day clergy. The comparative inactivity of the Congregational clergy of Connecticut in the recent effort to prevent the nomination and election of a machine politician to the United States Senate is subjecting them to the criticism that they are in league with vested rights and the political machine of the State, and as such are recreant to highest political ideals. In Rhode Island, spurred to some action by the criticism of Lincoln Steffens and other journalists who have investigated the political corruption of the State and the quiescence of the churches in the face of debauching of the franchise. Bishop McVieker and some other Episcopal clergymen have banded together to co-operate in joint denunciations of the evil. In Philadelphia at the present time the clergy of the city, Protestant and Catholic evangelical and heterodox, are practically a unit in vehement condemnation of Mayor Weaver, Director of Public Safety Smyth, and the political and civic forces that have made an alliance between the public officials and vendors of maiden's virtue possible. In Kansas, the clergy to some extent are leading in the crusade against the Standard Oil Company and are praying publicly in churches for defeat of the monopoly.

This activity of the clergy displeases those whose conception of their function is that of the priesthood. It gratifies those who look upon the clergy as a prophetic as well as a priestly caste. Those who in the strife over slavery would have agreed with Rufus Choate in praise of Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams because, as a clergyman, he never forgot his mission to preach the Gospel and therefore never touched on slavery in his pulpit, of course will object now to any participation by the clergy in municipal reform, or a fighting "grat." If, on the other hand, a clergyman really believes as Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Cambridge, told the Religious Education Association last week he does, that lying and stealing are the worst American sins of the hour, or if he believes, with President Tucker of Dartmouth College, that the greatest danger of our times is the dishonesty of our intelligent and not our ignorant citizens and that the briber is as wicked as the bribed, it is not probable that he will keep this opinion to himself or limit it to utterance in the conversation of his study. He will talk it forth on platform and in pulpit as publicly as Jonathan Mayhew did the need of revolt against Great Britain's injustice, as openly as Henry Ward Beecher denounced the iniquity of slavery, or R. W. Dale of Birmingham, Eng., condemned the municipal jobbery of that city when he and Mr. Chamberlain stood shoulder to shoulder as civic reformers.

It doubtless is true that clergymen may well refrain from specific prescriptions as to how reform is to be wrought, and abstain from identification with partisan politics as such and this from the highest prudence, and not mere policy, for good men are likely to differ both as to details and instruments of reform. But in

dealing with the fundamental principles of ethics and conduct as they emerge in any given issue between the venal few and the plundered many, between the self-seeking politician and the plundered tax-payer, between the unscrupulous "boss" and the well-meaning but negligent mass of voters, the clergyman's course is clear: if he would live up to his duty. He is to preach righteousness, as Amos did, alienate whom it will.

It may well be that ere certain problems now before the American people get solved some clergymen will have to undergo a testing process similar to that undergone by not a few during the contest against slavery, it is one of the weaknesses of the principle of voluntarism in the support of churches that a hostile minority in a church often can put an end to a preacher's tenure in a given pulpit if he will not be close-mouthed against evil. Such gagging often happened in the anti-slavery contest. It may happen in the wide contest just entering on its dramatic and decisive stage. Where a movement of bold speaking and aggressive action is led by a bishop, as it is, and where it takes the form of a general movement, as is the case with the Episcopal clergy of Rhode Island, or where, as in Philadelphia, the clergy of the entire city meet, formulate a programme and appoint a select committee to lead the fight, there is a strength to the reform movement and a security in the attack which cannot be the case where isolated clergymen here and there, take up the fight against evil.

**SPECIAL LOW RATES TO PACIFIC COAST.**  
The Canadian Pacific Railway from now, and daily until May 15th, are offering special colonist rates to Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore., and all Pacific Coast points. The rates named are exceptionally low—the fare from St. John, N. B., for instance, being but \$56.50 with corresponding reductions from other points in the Maritime Provinces. Economy and solid comfort are combined in the celebrated tourist sleepers operated by this Company certain days in the week on their fast through transcontinental trains. By paying an almost nominal berth rate, passengers holding colonist tickets can avail themselves of the excellent accommodations thus afforded. British Columbia, Canada's most westerly province, possesses vast resources, and offers new fields and extensive opportunities particularly for the miner, the farmer, the lumberer, the fruit grower and the rancher. A pamphlet, brim-full of trustworthy information bearing on the province, folders descriptive of the tourist sleepers, and other interesting and valuable literature, may be had for the asking on application to F. R. Perry, D. P. A., C. P. Ry., at St. John, N. B., who will also gladly furnish all details to persons contemplating such a trip.

**C. P. R. APPOINTMENT.**  
E. Robson, New York, has been appointed by the C. P. R. head of the publicity department, to replace Mr. Bramble, who recently resigned. Mr. Robson is a Canadian by birth, and has during the past few years been carrying on an advertising agency in New York, with special reference to the MacLean Publishing Company's publications. Mr. Robson was the first to inspire the idea of starting a Canadian Club in New York, and was the first president of that society.

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